

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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TYCOON ONCE MORE

CHAPTER XIX
JONAH spoke almost as if Mr. Channing were not there.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Channing, wrinkling black brows at Jonah.

"I resent that," said Jonah. "Come, come, boy," Calvin Meggs said impatiently.

"I," stated Mr. Channing flatly, "am staying for no pictures."

Mr. Meggs settled himself comfortably. "You'd better, Henry. Because, unless this young man is either a fool or a liar, this picture concerns the abduction of my horse, Bucephalus."

The play opened upon a summerhouse, basking peacefully in sunlight. Its task, however, was short-lived.

From the rhododendrons, which had already established their proficiency at harboring villains, the villain of the piece emerged.

"Father!" gasped Hildy, out of the darkness. "Fancy you an incendiary!"

Mr. H. L. Channing groaned. Jonah, dialing carefully, dispensed with the milling scene about the summerhouse.

This time it was just a quickie, but adequate. A horse, a horse of much hair, was loping gently in the direction of the gatekeeper's lodge.

"No, no, Calvin," said Mr. Channing, in anguish. "It was all in the nature of a joke."

The Terrible Eye, a thorough-going exposé of evil, brought in the last act of the sordid drama. It showed Mr. Channing delivering the horse to the gatekeeper.

At that point, mercifully, Jonah stopped the show. The lights went on.

Calvin Meggs was out of his chair, dancing in pure wrath. "I'll write every steward from— from Maine to California. You'll be disbarred, Henry Channing. You'll be set down from the tracks. The world shall know of your depravity."

"CALVIN," Mr. Channing was making a recovery, "will you shut up?"

"Shut up? I'll write..." Calvin took the floor and began, solemnly, at the root of the trouble, the whole business comes of allowing itinerant photographers loose in the grounds.

"Hal! You admit it was you?" This from Mr. Meggs. "Certainly," said Mr. Channing brazenly. He had decided to brazen it out.

"It was a joke, Calvin," moaned Mr. Channing. "I had no intention of keeping your money. My plan was to tell everything later on. Then we'd all have had a drink and a good laugh."

Mr. Meggs considered. "Henry," he said at last, "my inclination is to be big. On condition that you return my horse and my money, I shall let bygones be bygones."

"Certainly, Calvin," said Mr. Channing, with a relieved sigh. "That's decent of you, Calvin. Well, that's that. Now I must get back to the house."

JUST then, in her pleasant and detached fashion, Mrs. Channing drifted into the Taj Mahal. "Oh, there you are, lovey," she

said, perceiving her lord. "Corby told me you were here, so I slipped out to tell you someone took my tiara. But—oh, it must be a joke."

"What?" boomed Mr. Channing. "What are you saying? That someone stole your tiara?"

"Yes, lovey." Mr. Channing's eyes bulged, then rolled upward.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord in heaven! Someone steals her diamond tiara worth \$40,000 and..."

"But, lovey dear, it wasn't worth \$40,000. It was worth \$250."

"Clarissa," said Mr. Channing dangerously, "pull yourself together. What was worth \$250?"

"The replica of the tiara, dear." Mr. Channing sagged limply, with relief. "You had a replica made? You were wearing it to-night?"

"Why, of course, lovey. Do you think I'd be such a fool as to bring a tiara worth \$40,000 out to a practically unprotected countryside?"

"Clarissa," said Mr. Channing contritely, "I have underrated you. But we're wasting time. If there's a thief inside, he may be after the spoons. Come on!"

"Oh, father!" said Hildy. "Wait a minute. I think Mr. Logan wants to talk to you."

"Eh?" Mr. Channing paused. "Who the devil's Mr. Logan?"

"Okay, Jonah," said Hildy. "Go in and pitch. Explain all about the Terrible Eye and don't settle for a cent less than \$200 a week."

"No, no," Jonah said quickly. "I—I've revised my notions."

"Jonah, you idiot! You'll never have..."

"Here!" shouted Mr. Channing. "Stop this chatter!" He eyed Jonah. "So you're Mr. Logan? Well, you report to me in my study tomorrow at 10 sharp. Clarissa, as the hostess, you belong

ALTHOUGH THE EARTH SPINS ON ITS AXIS, DASHES AROUND THE SUN, WOBLES LIKE A TOP, AND RACES ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, MOST MEN THOUGHT IT ABSOLUTELY STATIONARY UNTIL THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

RHUBARB DOES NOT PURIFY THE BLOOD, AND LEMON JUICE DOESN'T THIN IT!

WASH WOMEN ARE GREAT TRAVELERS, FOR THEY TRAVEL FROM POLE TO POLE, SAYS MRS. LOUIS GAERTNER, Tiffin, Ohio.

Next: Even the turtle is not a dumb animal.

MOTION PICTURE PRODUCER

Answer to Previous Puzzle
HORIZONTAL
1. Picture Hollywood producer.

21 Honey makers
24 Not in.
26 East India (abbr.).

27 Toward.
28 Jer.
31 Satellites.

33 Call for help at sea.
34 Written form of Mistress.

37 Jail.
38 Allegre.
39 Upright shaft.

41 Any.
42 Italian river.
43 Engage in water sport.

45 Male offspring.
48 Half (prefix).
49 Place.

51 Bulgarian monetary unit.
52 Strike lightly.
53 River (Sp.).

Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams
THE SUBURBANITES

WHOOH! BOY, IT'S WIKEDY OUT! WHAT'S THIS, TH' TANKS IN ADVANCE?
NAH! THESE DOGGONE JAP PAPER HOUSES! WE CAPTURED A JAP TOWN AN' WE CAN'T KEEP IT OCCUPIED!

Credit With The Convenience of Cash
SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO. CREDIT COUPON BOOK

\$25 To Spend Right Now ONLY \$5 DOWN
Get Yours at Your SEARS Credit Office

Hold Everything!

WELL, OLD TIMER, WITH YOUR OUTFIT, I'LL GO OVER ENG AT THE MARSQUADE TONIGHT.
THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK NOW, JUST TO GET THE FEEL OF THIS PEG-LEG!

REDECORATE—ON A WARTIME BUDGET
7448 by Alice Brooks
Be your own "interior decorator—and do over your bedroom at minimum expense!

Our Boarding House

EGAD, JASON! WITH \$43.70 IN TAXES HANGING OVER MY HEAD LIKE THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES, I'LL PLAY CARDS TONIGHT WITH THE ZEAL OF KING RICHARD, MY CRUSADING ANCESTOR!

Red Ryder
WELL, OLD TIMER, WITH YOUR OUTFIT, I'LL GO OVER ENG AT THE MARSQUADE TONIGHT.
THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK NOW, JUST TO GET THE FEEL OF THIS PEG-LEG!

With Major Hoopla

TH' MONEY DON'T PLOW MY BROW, MISTAH MAJOR! WHEN YOU HAB A LUCK STREAK YOU'RE HOTTER'N A DEPOT STOVE!

Freckles and His Friends
WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR A PATROL CAR, TELL ME THAT STORY AGAIN—IT DELIGHTS ME!

Wash Tubbs

STUMBLED AGAIN!... AWFULLY SORRY, SIR.
NO, YOU'VE BEEN HIT! PUT ME DOWN, MAX! PUT ME DOWN!

Boots and Her Buddies
WHAT THE...! SOMETHING HAS CERTAINLY GONE SOUR AT THE BOOMTOWN PLANT.
BLA-AAH! AND JUST WHEN I'M SO BUSY HERE...

Little Orphan Annie

SO THIS IS WHERE THAT LONG SECRET TUNNEL COMES OUT! RIGHT OUT OF A ROCK LEDGE, JUST ABOVE MILDRED'S BACK YARD.

Little Orphan Annie
WHEN THAT HEAVY SLAB O' STONE ENDS UP, IT FITS SO PERFECTLY IT COULD EVER GUESS FROM OUTSIDE HERE, THAT ITS A DOOR—BY NODDY CAN OPEN IT FROM OUTSIDE.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and a small portrait of a man.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson
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